

Damon Cambridge and the Philosopher's Stone

by TylerCambridge

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Summary: Damon Cambridge goes his first year at Hogwarts

1. Chapter 1

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Chapter 1: Platform Nine and Three-Quarters

They wheeled their trolleys down the platform and found a compartment in the middle of the train. Crabbe and Goyle helped them heave their trunks into the compartment that they found in the middle of the train then Crabbe and Goyle walked out.

Damon and Draco spent the first few hours getting to know each others. They talked about everything from Hogwarts to the muggle world. It was about twelve when a smiling dimpled woman asked them if they wanted anything off the trolley.

Damon stepped up and walked out into the corridor.

There were Bertie Botts Every-Flavour Beans, Droobles Best Blowing Gum, Chocolate Frogs, Liquorice Wands and a number of other strange things.

"What should I get Draco?" Damon asked his best friend.

"How about a bit of everything?" Draco asked grinning.

"Maybe not the Liquorice Wands though." Damon said.

"Yeah, I don't like that either." Draco said.

Damon bought everything except the wands.

"What are these?" Damon asked holding up a package of Chocolate

Frogs.

"They're not real frogs are they?"

"No, it's nice though you get a card inside with a famous witch or wizard." Draco said.

Damon ate his chocolate frog and looked at his card.

"So this is Dumbledore." Damon said sneering.

"He's not as great as everyone thinks. Father says he is the worst that happened to Hogwarts." Draco said.

"Yeah I know. My aunt dislikes him as well." Damon said.

They ate in silence as they watched the fields fly by.

When they had eaten up their candy they took out their coursebooks and read until it was fifteen minutes left then they changed and when the train had stopped they walked out of the train.

2. Chapter 2

Chapter 2: The Sorting Hat

Professor McGonagall led them through the doors made of gold that led to the Great Hall. She led them up to a four-legged stool where the sorting hat stood on.

"Now as I call your name you will step forward and I will place the sorting hat on your head." she said.

"Abbot, Hannah!"

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

"Bones, Susan!"

"Brown, Lavender!"

"GRYFFINDOR!"

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

"Boot, Terry!"

"RAVENCLAW!"

"Cambridge, Tyler!"

"SLYTHERIN!"

Tyler walked over to the cheering Slytherin table and saved a place for Draco as he shook hands with Slytherin prefect Marcus Flint.

"Finch-Fletchey, Justin!"

"HUFFLEPUFF!"

"Finnegan, Seamus!"

"GRYFFINDOR!"

"Longbottom, Neville!"

"GRYFFINDOR!"

"Malfoy, Draco!"

"SLYTHERIN!"

Tyler high-fived Draco as Draco sat down next to him at the Slytherin table.

"Moon, Jenna!"

"SLYTHERIN!"

"Nott, Theodore!"

"SLYTHERIN!"

"Parkinson, Pansy!"

"SLYTHERIN!"

"Patil, Padma!"

"RAVENCLAW!"

"Patil, Parvati!"

"GRYFFINDOR!"

"Weasley, Ronald!"

"GRYFFINDOR!"

"Zabini, Blaise!"

"SLYTHERIN!"

McGonagall rolled up her parchment and took away the four-legged stool and the sorting hat.

Dumbledore had gotten to his feet.

"Welcome to a new year at Hogwarts, I have a few first words that I would like to say and they are, Nitwit, Oddment, Blubber, Tweak."

Then he sat down.

Tyler asked Marcus if Dumbledore was always that mad.

"Mad? I like to think of it of insane. Potatoes, Tyler?" he asked.

Tyler took it and layed up three potatoes and then sent it to Draco.

They started talking about families.

Apparently Tyler was a pureblood as well. His mom had apparently been a black before she married and Cambridge was a long Pureblood family.

Tyler took of everything. It tasted delicious.

The Bloody Baron made an entrance and said that he was happy to help any time they needed advice or help about Hogwarts.

Soon the food dissapeared and the desserts came up on the sparkling clean plates.

Tyler took again a bit of everything.

He looked up at the staff table.

"Marcus who is that talking to Professor Quirrell?" asked Tyler.

"That's Professor, our head of house, your's and Draco's godfather and he teaches potions." Marcus said.

"is there anything else I should be aware of?" Tyler asked Marcus.

"You can talk to snakes, since your Slytherin heritage, Dumbledore killed your parents, your parents were deatheaters and you are related to Draco." Marcus said quietly

"And how am I related too you Draco?" Tyler asked Draco.

"You're my cousin, so you'll be of course staying in Malfoy Manor permanently." Draco said.

"Sounds good." Tyler said nodding.

After the desserts were done they followed after Marcus into the Slytherin common room.

When they had been shown their bedrooms (they slept two and two) Tyler and Draco went to bed.

Tyler slept well that night.

End
file.